For following her affaires, put in his legs,
Come my Lord, away. *Exit.*

Gloſt. I am ſorry for thee friend, tis the Dukes pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition all the world well knowes
Will not be rub'd nor ſtopt, Ile intreate for thee.

Kent. Pray you do not ſir, I haue watcht and trauaild hard,
Some time I ſhall ſleepe out, the reſt Ile whiſtle,
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles,
Giue you good morrow.

Gloſt. The Duke's too blame in this, twill be ill tooke.
Exit.

Kent. Good King, that muſt approue the common ſaw,
Thou out of heauens benediction comeſt
To the warme Sunne.
Approach thou beacon to this vnder-globe,
That by thy comfortable beames I may
Peruſe this letter, nothing almoſt ſees my wracke
But miſery, I know tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath moſt fortunately bene informed
Of my obſcured courſe, and ſhall finde time
From this enormious ſtate, ſeeking to giue
Loſſes their remedies, all weary and ouer-watcht,
Take vantage heauy eies not to behold
This ſhamefull lodging; Fortune goodnight,
Smile, once more turne thy wheele. *He ſleepes.*

Enter Edgar.

Edgar, I heare my ſelfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Eſcapt the hunt, no Port is free, no place
That guard, and moſt vnuſuall vigilence
Doſt not attend my taking while I may ſcape,
I will preſerue my ſelfe, and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and moſt pooreſt ſhape,
That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beaſt; my face ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, elſe all my haire with knots,

And

And with preſented nakednes o
The winde, and perſecution of t
The Country giues me proofe a
Of *Bedlam* beggers, who with
Strike in their numb'd and mort
Pins, wooden prickes, nailes, ſp
And with this horrible obiect fr
Poore pelting villages, ſheep-c
Sometime with lunaticke bans,
Enforce their charity, poore *T*
That's ſomething yet, *Edgar* I n

Enter King,

Lear. Tis ſtrange that they ſh
And not ſend backe my meſſen
Knight. As I learn'd, the nigh
No purpoſe of his remoue.
Kent. Haile to thee noble Ma
Lear. How, mak'ſt thou this
Foole. Ha, ha, looke, he weare
Horſes are tide by the heeles, d
By the necke, munkies by the lo
By the legs, when a man's ouer-
Then he weares wooden neath
Lear. What's he, that hath ſ
thee here?
Kent. It is both he and ſhe, y
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No I ſay.
Kent. I ſay yea.
Lear. No, no, they would not
Kent. Yes they haue.
Lear. By *Iupiter* I ſweare no,
They would not, could not do
To do vpon reſpect ſuch violen
Reſolue me with all modeſt ha

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